MARVEL COMICS

WELCOME TO THE SAVAGE LAND

DOOM 2099

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ON AN UNNAMED ISLAND IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, A DARK CITADEL RISES FROM THE CORE OF A LONG-EXTINCT VOLCANO.

THIS BLACK FORTRESS'S INHABITANTS WELCOME NO VISITORS, AND ENFORCE THEIR PRIVACY WITH AN IRONHANDED RESOLVE.

STEALTH TECHNOLOGY CLOAKS THE STRUCTURE FROM THE PRYING ORBITAL EYES OF THE SATCAM NET--

-- AND A GAUNTLET OF AIR AND OCEAN DEFENSE SYSTEMS INSURES THAT NO PLANE CAN STEER NEAR THE ISLAND.

FOR INSIDE THIS DARK CITADEL LIVE TWO OF THE POWERFUL SHADOWS WHO MOVE THROUGH THE WORLD UNNOTICED--

-- MANIPULATING INTERNATIONAL POLITICS AND ECONOMICS WITH INVISIBLE HANDS.

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INSIDE, USING A FLOOR-MOUNTED IMAGING SYSTEM, THE WOMAN WATCHES A WORLD SHE CONSIDERS HER PLAYGROUND.

HOW MANY OF THE PAST DECADE'S CRISES AND CATASTROPHES WERE THE RESULT OF HER MACHINATIONS? ONLY SHE KNOWS.

SHE REVELS IN HER POWER, FOMENTING CONFLICT FOR HER OWN AMUSEMENT.

COMPUTER, LOCATE MY DOOM.

SUBJECT: DOOM. CROSSREF: LAZARUS. ACCESSING SATNET. PROCESSING.

SUBJECT LOCATED: ANTARCTICA.

AGAIN, HE ESCAPES DEATH-- THIS TIME IN ONE OF THE CHIN SHAN SPACE PLATFORM'S LIFEBOATS.

HE IS VERY *RESOURCEFUL*, THIS ONE. SO LIKE THE *ORIGINAL*.

AS I *EXPECTED*.

GEOSAT READINGS INDICATE SEISMIC ACTIVITY IN REGION.

AN *EARTHQUAKE*? *GOOD*. LET THE EARTH SWALLOW HIM WHOLE.

HE *THRIVES* UNDER ADVERSITY.

YOU SPEND TOO MUCH OF YOUR TIME WATCHING THAT ONE.

OF *THAT* DOOM?

JEALOUS?

I WOULD *NOT* GIVE YOU THE *PLEASURE*.

SAT TRACKING INOPERATIVE BELOW GROUND LEVEL

UNCREATED NIGHT

TIME DID NOT FORGET THIS SAVAGE LAND--

INSTEAD, IT CRADLED THIS STRANGE POCKET OF ANTARCTICA--

--ALLOWING PRIMORDIAL FLORA AND FAUNA TO SURVIVE ITS TEMPORAL RAVAGES.

WHOOO--WEE! LOOK AT THAT OVERGROWN IGUANA RUN!

TOO BAD WE AREN'T GETTING PAID BY THE *POUND*. I BET THAT BRONTOSAUR WEIGHS AT LEAST THREE THOUSAND.

IT'S A *STEGOSAUR*, RAOUL. A BRONTOSAUR'S *TWICE* THAT SIZE.

WHO CARES, PRESSMAN? THE SKINSCRAPERS IN ARCHAEO-GENETICS PROMISED TO PAY FOR *ANY* DINOSAUR WE COULD BRING BACK!

WE'RE LOOKIN' AT *MONEY* IN THE BANK.

RONK!

CLOMP CLOMP!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

AN OUTBREAK OF PREHISTORIC JUNGLE FEVER DIAGNOSED AND QUARANTINED BY: JOHN FRANCIS MOORE-- WRITER, PAT BRODERICK-- PENCILER, JOHN NYBERG-- INKER, JOHN COSTANZA-- LETTERER, GEORGE ROUSSOS--COLORIST, JOEY CAVALIERI-- LOCAL GUIDE AND TOM DEFALCO-- THUNDER LIZARD

TELL HAMMOND TO GUN THIS ROCK JUMPER.

NO WAY AM I GONNA LOSE THAT JURASSIC LOTTERY TICKET.

VROOOM

ONCE WE PUT DINO IN THE BAG, WE SHIP THE CARCASS BACK TO NEW YORK, AND THEN WE ARE ON *EASY STREET*.

I TOLD YOU THERE WERE *PERKS* COMING HERE.

KEEP *REMINDING ME*. THINGS ARE GETTING WEIRDER AND WEIRDER AT THE MINING SITE.

BAD ENOUGH WE HAVE TO WORK IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CREEPY JUNGLE *TEMPLE*—

-- BUT THE BOSS'S SPENDING *WAY* TOO MUCH TIME WITH THE *SWAMP* PEOPLE--

I THINK HE'S *LOSING*—

NO MORE TALK ABOUT WORK, PRESSMAN. THIS IS OUR ONE DAY OFF FOR ANOTHER TEN DAYS.

TRY TO HAVE *FUN*.

LOOK, THAT BRONTOSAUR'S JUST BEGGING ME TO PICK HIM OFF.

STEGOSAUR.

WHATEVER. HE'S IN MY SIGHTS.

KLIK KLIK

SPLORSH!

WHAT THE--

A KID WITH A JET PACK. HE SLIMED YOU WITH *TREE SAP*--

-- THE LOCALS USE IT TO GUM UP THE MACHINERY OF OUTSIDERS.

HE'S LAUGHING AT US.

TELL HAMMOND TO STAY WITH THE KID!

BUT WE'RE GONNA *LOSE* THE DINO, RAOUL!

I DON'T CARE! WE'VE GOTTEN NOTHING BUT GRIEF FROM THE CRO-MAGNON LOCALS SINCE WE STEPPED OFF THE 'COPTER.

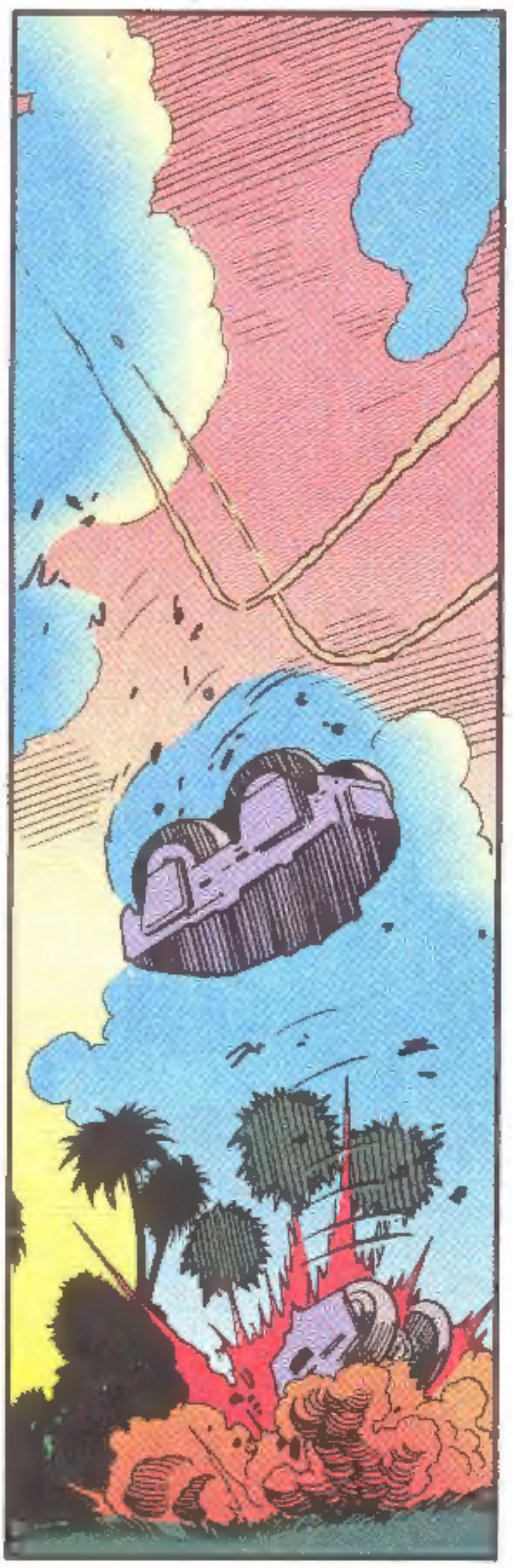
I'M GONNA *NAIL* THAT FLYING RAT--

HE'S GETTING AWAY!
PUNCH IT, HAMMOND! PUNCH IT!

WHY'S THE KID SLOWING DOWN?
IT'S ALMOST LIKE HE WANTS US TO--

UH-OH--

JUUUMPPP!!!



GREAT. JUST *GREAT*. THAT TRUCK IS *COMPANY* PROPERTY..

"*PUNCH* IT, HAMMOND. *PUNCH* IT." RAOUL, YOU ARE ONE INCREDIBLE *MORON*.

THE BOSS IS GONNA *KILL* US.

IF THEY DON'T MAKE IT BACK TO THEIR CAMP BY *NIGHTFALL*—

-- THOSE POACHERS ARE GONNA *WISH* THEY CRASHED WITH THEIR TRUCK.

SEE HOW *THEY* LIKE BEING HUNTED.

GUESS I BETTER CALL THE *RANGERS* WHEN I GET BACK TO THE VILLAGE--

-- BEFORE THOSE JERKS WIND UP *LIZARD BAIT*...

WHAT'S *THAT*?

ICE?

HEY, THE RECENT *QUAKES* MUST'VE OPENED UP A NEW *TUNNEL* FROM OUTSIDE THE VALLEY.

TUNNELS LIKE THIS LED THE *PLUNDERS* FROM THE ICY WASTES OF ANTARCTICA INTO THE SAVAGE LAND--

-- AND OPENED THE GATES TO EVERY *COUNTRY* AND CORPORATION LOOKING FOR A *NEW FRONTIER* TO *STRIP MINE*.

BRRR. BAD IDEA WEARING SANDALS IN SNOW.

TOLA FOUND A LOCKER FULL OF BRITISH UNIFORMS FROM THE NINETEEN-HUNDREDS IN A SNOW PACK ONCE.

WONDER IF THIS FLOW'S UNEARTHED ANYTHING *INTERESTING*.

WOW.

I'VE ONLY SEEN THESE IN THE AVIATION DATABASE AT SCHOOL.

IT'S AN *ESCAPE POD* FROM A SPACE SHUTTLE OR STATION OR SOMETHING.

MUST'VE LANDED IN ANTARCTICA BY *ACCIDENT*.

ONE GOOD *SNOWSTORM* AND NOBODY WOULD EVER FIND THIS CAPSULE.

MAYBE I CAN *OPEN* IT--

CHUNK!

WHRRRRR

EMPTY. 3.0.0.

NOW IF SOMEONE SURVIVED THE EARTHFALL--

"— WHERE ARE THEY NOW?"

LATVERIA...

... SUPPOSED TO BE IN LATVERIA...

... REMEMBER... WAS ON THE BRIDGE WITH FENG HUANG...

"RADIAN'S ARMOR IS MINE."

MINE!

THEN WE BLEW UP... NO THE STATION DID... BUT I'M IN THE POD.

MADE IT...

WAIT... ARMOR MALFUNCTIONING.

DAMAGED IN THE EXPLOSION. FEEDING BACK ENERGY...

SHOULDN'T HAPPEN... BACKUP SYSTEMS SHOULD ENGAGE...

EXPERIENCING...

... TOTAL...

... NEURO...

... INTER...

... FACE...

... BREAK...

... DOWN...

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

SSSSSSSSS

TOK TOK

TOK TOK

SSSSSSSSS

WARNING.

SYSTEM REPAIR FAILURE.

NANOTECH INTERFACE OVERLOAD

SYSTEM CRASH IMMINENT.

MEMORIES MELTING INTO HALLUCINATION--

VICTOR, REVELATION IS AT HAND.

KAZIMIERZ?

OH, MY GYPSY BROTHER, YOU'RE NOT THE MAN YOU USED TO BE.

THE Y'LESTJA— THEY DID SOMETHING TO MY MIND.

NOTHING THAT HASN'T BEEN DONE BEFORE.

POSITIVE I'M HALLUCINATING.

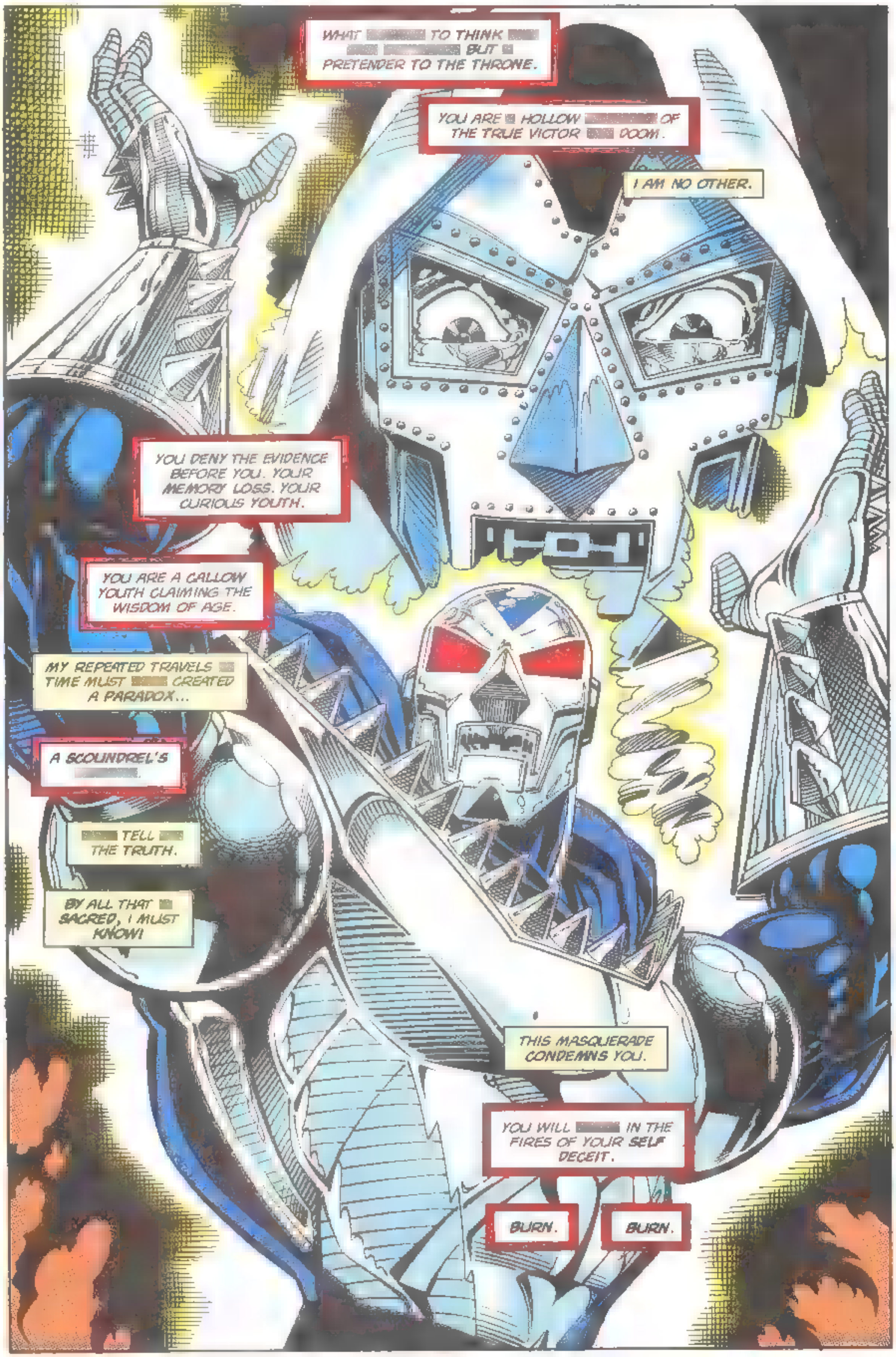
RICHARDS? I KILLED YOU.

SCIENCE SAYS YOU'RE *WRONG*, DOOM.

DOCTOR DOOM KILLED ME. THE *GENUINE* ARTICLE. THE *REAL* MCCOY.

BUT I AM—

WHO AM I?


WHAT [redacted] TO THINK [redacted] BUT A PRETENDER TO THE THRONE.
YOU ARE A HOLLOW [redacted] OF THE TRUE VICTOR [redacted] DOOM.
I AM NO OTHER.
YOU DENY THE EVIDENCE BEFORE YOU. YOUR MEMORY LOSS. YOUR CURIOUS YOUTH.
YOU ARE A CALLOW YOUTH CLAIMING THE WISDOM OF AGE.
MY REPEATED TRAVELS [redacted] TIME MUST [redacted] CREATED A PARADOX...
A SCOUNDREL'S [redacted].
[redacted] TELL [redacted] THE TRUTH.
BY ALL THAT [redacted] SACRED, I MUST KNOW!
THIS MASQUERADE CONDEMNS YOU.
YOU WILL [redacted] IN THE FIRES OF YOUR SELF DECEIT.
BURN.
BURN.

FAJROLAGO, LATVERIA'S "FIRE LAKE," NAMED FOR THE EFFECT A RED-STREAKED SUNSET HAS UPON THE GLASSY WATERS.

SPLASHDOWN!

CONSIDERING [redacted] TIME TO CHECK THE *NAVIGATION* SY[redacted] BEFORE THE CHIN SHAN PLATFORM *EXPLODED*--

-- WE'RE LUCKY WE HIT *WATER* AND NOT THE SIDE OF A *MOUNTAIN*.

SPLUNSHH

I'M THANKFUL NO ONE GOT *AIRSICK* ON OUR WAY DOWN, POET.

THE AIR SUPPLY WAS GETTING PRETTY *THIN* AS IT WAS.

GODDESS, IT'S GOOD TO BE *HOME*.

VOOP

SMELL THAT AIR...

LEI FONG *SLEPT* THROUGH THE WHOLE RIDE.

HOW'S OUR *OTHER* PASSENGER?

KAZ'S BEEN *MUMBLING* SINCE WE HIT EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE.

I'M WORRIED HIS *MINDLINK* WITH THE Y'LESTJA MAY HAVE *PERMANENTLY* DAMAGED MY BROTHER'S BRAIN.

WHAT'S HE *SAYING*?

I'M NOT *SURE*. IT SOUNDS LIKE...

"REVELATION IS AT HAND."

THE SAVAGE LAND.

BEAUTIFUL [redacted] FOR A RIDE. RIGHT, KIMBA?

BUT REMEMBER [redacted] I TOLD YOU, Y'OLD TOM, BE CAREFUL 'ROUND HERE--

MIARROW

-- THERE ARE *BUGS* 'ROUND HERE BIG ENOUGH TO EAT YOU FOR *BREAKFAST*.

THAT GOES FOR YOU, TOO, HAWK.

HUMANS DON'T TOP THE *FOOD CHAIN* IN THE SAVAGE LAND.

DON'T *WORRY*, LEIBOWITZ. I FEEL AT *HOME* HERE.

THE SAVAGE LAND IS LIKE YOU, MY OLD FRIEND, *PRIMAL* AND *ELEMENTAL*.

AND THAT'S WHY YOU BROUGHT ME HERE?

THE OLD UNITED NATIONS USED TO *PROHIBIT* COMMERCIAL EXPLOITATION OF THE SAVAGE LAND.

BUT NOW ALCHEMAX HAS BEGUN A MINING AND DRILLING OPERATION IN THE *SWAMP*.

THEY'VE *BEEN MUSCLING* THE FRAGILE UNIFIED TRIBAL ALLIANCE TO GO ALONG WITH THEM.

YOU DON'T NEED ME TO *MONKEY WRENCH* THE ALCHEMAX OPERATION.

YOU HAVE PLENTY OF EXPERIENCE IN *THAT* FIELD.

FORGET ABOUT *SABOTAGE*, HAWK. I'M TALKING *WAR*.

ELSEWHERE.

SYSTEMS MALFUNCTION.

POWER GRID FUSING.

INTERNAL TEMPERATURE EXCEEDING ACCEPTABLE LIMITS.

EMERGENCY FAILSAFES NOT RESPONDING.

BURNING UP...

NO... I AM DOOM...

NOT *MY* FACE...

I AM DOOM!!!

MMMRRR??

THIRTY FEET AND SIX TONS OF CARNIVORE, THE TYRANNOSAURUS OCCUPIES THIS PART OF THE JUNGLE WITHOUT CHALLENGE.

[redacted] HIS LIZARD [redacted] ABLE TO [redacted] THE UNIQUE NATURE OF HIS EXISTENCE IN THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY...

... IT IS DOUBTFUL HE WOULD CARE THAT HE IS ONE OF ONLY A HANDFUL OF HIS SPECIES TO SURVIVE PAST THE CRETACEOUS ERA.

INSTEAD, THIS BEHEMOTH'S CONCERNS ARE MORE IMMEDIATE...

HIS TERRITORY HAS BEEN INVADED...

... VIOLATED BY SOMETHING LOUD AND SHINY AND SMELLING OF SULPHUR...

SHUNK

POP

KRAK

NOT DOOM... SOMEONE ELSE...

WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME...

... WHO ARE YOU?!?

THESE ARE NOT MY MEMORIES...

... THESE THINGS DID NOT HAPPEN...

... TO ME...

I AM...

KRAK

KRAK

POP

MROWW

ARROW
... DOOMED...
SYSTEMS OVERLOAD IMMINENT
MUST THINK STRAIGHT...
... CONCENTRATE...
KRAKK!
POP
POP
WEAPONS CAPACITY REDUCED 63.6%.
BOOM

THWAK

WHAP!

KRAKLL

POP!

KRAKLL

POP!

POP!

... CAN'T SEE...

EXTERNAL SENSORS OFFLINE

KA-POW-ZAP!

WARNING

SYSTEMS OVERLOAD

WARNING

NO...

SYSTEMS OVERLOAD.

KRUGH!

ZZRADZZZ

SYSTEMS OVERL--------

WHUMP

HURTS...

... SO HOT...

... CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE...

... WATER...

GET UP...

SPLASH

YOU MAY HAVE BEEN ABLE TO KILL ONE OF THE *LAST* TYRANNOSAURS ON EARTH...

BUT YOU WON'T FARE THAT WELL AGAINST...

BLOODHAWK!

For who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion.
–Milton, *Paradise Lost*

NEXT:
...AND NOW, AN X-MAN